1148/c42

THE Swan Tripe-Club In DUBLIN.

A SATYR.

DEDICATED

To all those who are true Friends to her present Majesty and her Government, to the Church of *England*, and the Succession as by Law Establish'd: And who gratefully acknowledg the Preservation of their Religion, Rights and Liberties, due to the late King WILLIAM of Ever-Glorious and Immortal Memory.

Difficile est Satyram *non Scribere.*

Printed at *DUBLIN*, and Sold by the Booksellers in *London* and *Westminster*, MDCCVI.

Price 4*d.*

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HOW this Fantastick World is chang'd of late,
Sure some Full Moon has work'd upon the State:
Time was, when it was question'd much in Story,
Which was the worst, the *Devil* or a *Tory*?
But now, alas! those happy Times are o'er,
The Rampant Things are Couchant now no more,
But Trump-up *Torys*, who were *Whigs* before.

There was a Time when fair *Hibernia* lay
Dissolv'd in Ease, and with a gentle Sway
Enjoy'd the Blessings of a Halcyon Day.

Pleas'd with the Bliſs their Friendly Union made,
Beneath her bending Figtree's peaceful Shade,
Careleſs and free her happy Sons were laid.
No Feuds, no groundleſs Jealouſys appear
To rouze their Rage, or wake them into Fear;
With Pity they beheld *Britannia's* State,
Toſt by the Tempeſt of a ſtormy Fate;
Wild Frenzy thro her blaſted Borders paſt,
While noiſy Faction drove the furious Blaſt.
Calm and ſerene we heard the Tempeſt roar,
And fearleſs view'd the Danger from the Shore.

Thus bleſt, we ſlumbred in a Downy Trance,
Happy, like *Eden*, in mild Ignorance;
Till *Diſcord*, like the wily Serpent, found
Th' unguarded Path to the forbidden Ground;
Shew'd us the Tree, the tempting Tree, which ſtood
The faireſt, but moſt fatal of the Wood;
And where (as hanging on the golden Bough)
The glittering Fruit look'd ſmiling to the View.
Taſt, and be Wiſe, the fly Deceiver ſaid,
And ſee the Platform of your future Fate.
Rouze from the Dulneſs of your long Repoſe,
And view your *Charles* Danger, and your Foes.
Thus at Superior Wit we each did nip,
Which *mock'd* th' Approach of our Deſtruction.
And, now —— Strange
Imaginary Schemes we ſeem to ſpy,
And ſearch for Dangers with a curious Eye,
From Thought to Thought we rove, and reach but Fear,
To obviate Miſchiefs in the Future Sphere.

Strange Plots in *Embrio*, from the Lords we fear,
And dream of Mighty *Ills*, the Lord knows where;
Wretchedly Wiſe, we curſe our preſent Store,
But bleſs the Witleſs Age We knew before.

Near that * Fam'd Place, where ſlender *Wights* reſort,
And gay *Pulvilio* keeps his Scented Court;
Where *Exil'd Wit* ne'er ſhews its hated Face,
But happier *Nonſenſe* fills the Thoughtleſs Place:
Where *Sucking Beaux*, our *future Hopes*, are bred,
The *Sharping Gameſter*, and the *Bully Red*,
O'er-ſtock'd with Fame, but indigent of Bread.

There ſtands a † Modern Dome, of vaſt Renown,
For a plump Cook, and plumper Reck'nings known;
Rais'd high, the Fair inviting Bird you ſee,
In all his milky Plumes, and feather'd Letchery;
In whoſe ſoft Down immortal *Jove* was dreſt,
When the fair *Nymph* the *Wiley God* poſſeſt;
Still in which ſhape he ſtands to Mortal view,
Patron of *Whoring*, and of *Toping* too.
Here gravely meet the worthy *Sons* of *Zeal*,
To wet their pious Clay, and decently to Rail;
Immortal Courage from the Claret ſprings,
To cenſure Heroes, and the Acts of Kings:
Young *Doctors* of the *Gown* here ſhrewdly ſhow,
How *Grace Divine* can ebb, and *Spleen* can flow;
The pious *Redcoat* moſt devoutly ſwears,
Drinks to the *Church*, but ticks on his *Arrears*;

* Lucas's *Coffee-Houſe*. — † *The Swan Tavern.*

The gentle *Beau* too joins in wiſe Debate,
Adjuſts his Cravat, and reforms the State.
As when the Sun, on a returning Flood,
Warms into Life the animated Mud;
Strange wondrous Inſects on the Shoar remain,
And a new Race of Vermin fills the Plain:
So from the Excrement of Zeal we find,
A ſlimy Race, but of the modiſh Kind;
Crawl from the Filth, and kindled into Man,
Make up the Members of the Sage Divan.

Of theſe the Fam'd *Borachio* is the Chief,
A Son of Pudding, and eternal Beef;
The Jovial God, with all-inſpiring Grace,
Sits on the Scarlet Honours of his Face;
His happy Face, from rigid Wiſdom free,
Securely ſmiles in Thoughtleſs Majeſty,
His own *Tithe Geeſe* not half ſo plump as He.
Wild Notions flow from his immoderate Head,
And Statutes quoted, —— moderately read;
Whole floods of Words his moderate Wit reveal,
Yet the good Man's immoderate in Zeal.
How can his fluent Tongue and Thought keep touch,
Who thinks too little, but who talks too much?
When *Peaceful Tars* with *Gallick Navies* meet,
And loſe their Honour to preſerve the Fleet;
This wondrous Man alone ſhall Conqueſt boaſt,
And win the Battles which the Heroes loſt.
When juſt Eſteem he would of *William* raiſe,
He damns the Glories which he means to praiſe;

The poor *Encomium*, ſo thinly ſpread,
Lampoons the injur'd Aſhes of the Dead;
Tho for the Orator, 'tis ſaid withal,
He meant to praiſe him, if he meant at all.

Egregious *Magpye* charms the liſt'ning Throng,
Whilſt inoffenſive Satyr tips his Tongue;
Grey Politicks adorn the Beardleſs Chit,
Of Foreign Manners, but of Native Wit;
Scarce wain'd from *Diddy*, of his *Alma Mater*,
The cocking *thing* ſteps forth the Churches *Erra Pater*;
High-flying Thoughts his moderate Size ſupply,
And wing the Tow'ring *Puppet* to the Sky;
On brazen Wings, beat out from Native ſtock,
He mounts, and rides upon the Weather-cock;
From whence the dull *Hibernian* Iſle he views,
The dull *Hibernian* Iſle he ſees, and ſpews;
He mourns the Talent of his Wiſdom loſt
On ſuch a dry inhoſpitable Coaſt.
Thus Daws, when percht upon a Steeple's top,
With *Oxford* ſtrut, and Pride ſuperiour hop;
And whilſt on Earth, they haughty Glances throw,
Take humble *Curats* but for Daws below.

Firedrake, a *Senator* of aukward Grace,
But fam'd for matchleſs Modeſty and Face;
With Chriſtian Clamour fills the deafned Room,
And propheſies of wondrous Ills to come;
Heav'n in a hurry ſeems t'have form'd his Paſte,
Fill'd up his Spleen, but left his Head-piece waſte,
He Thinks, he Argues, nay, he Prays in haſte.

When in ſoil'd Sheets the dirty Wight is ſpread,
And High-flown Schemes for Curtains grace the Bed;
Wild freakiſh Fancy, with her airy Train,
Whirls thro the empty Region of his Brain;
Shews him the Church, juſt tott'ring on his Head,
And all her mangled Sons around her ſpread;
Paints out himſelf, of all his Hopes beguil'd,
And his Domeſtick *Sicorax* defil'd:
Then kindling at the Sight, he flys about,
And puts *Diſſenting Squadrons* to the rout;
Brim full of Wrath, he plunges into Strife,
And thumps the *Paſſive Carcaſe* of his Wife;
He routs the flying Foe, he ſcours the Plain,
And boldly fights the Viſionary Scene.

Th' *Apollo* of the Cauſe, old *Grimbeard* ſtands,
And all th' inferiour Fry of Wit commands;
Nurſt up in Faction, and a Foe to Peace,
He robs his Bones of neceſſary Eaſe;
Drunk with inveterate Spleen, he ſcorns his Age,
And Nature's loweſt Ebb ſupplys with ſprightly Rage.
Cold driv'ling Time has all his Nerves unſtrung,
But left untouch'd his Letchery of Tongue;
His Letchery of Tongue, which ſtill remains,
And adds a Friendly Aid to want of Brains:
He blames the Dulneſs of his Party's Sloth,
And chides the Fears of their unactive Youth;
Tells them the time, the happy time is come,
When *Moderation* ſhall behold its Doom;
When ſniv'ling Mercy ſhall no more beguile,
But Chriſtian Force, and Pious Rage ſhall ſmile;

Warns them againſt thoſe Dangers to provide,
Thoſe Dangers which his Spectacles have ſpy'd,
Dark and unknown to all the World beſide.
Hail, Venerable Man, deſign'd by Fate
The ſaving Genius of a ſinking State!
Lo, proſtrate at thy Feet we trembling fall,
Thou great Twin-Idol of the thundring *Baal!*
How ſhall thy Votarys thy Wrath aſſuage,
Unbend thy Frowns, and deprecate thy Rage?
Millions of Victims ſhall thy Altars ſoil,
Heroes ſhall bleed, and Treaſurers ſhall broil;
Th' immortal Worth ſhall in our Lays be ſung,
O bend thy ſtubborn *Rage*, and ſheath thy dreadful *Tongue*.

Nut-brain, a Daggle-Gown of large Renown,
For weak ſupport to needy Client known;
With painted Dangers keeps his Mob in awe,
And ſhrewdly conſtrues Faction into Law.
When *Albion*'s Senate wav'd its fatal Wand,
And with their hungry Locuſts curſt the Land;
Our fruitful *Egypt*, with the Load oppreſt,
Beheld, with Grief, its happy Fields laid waſt;
With watry Eyes, and with a Mother's Pain,
She heard the Nation groan, but heard in vain;
Till gorg'd with Prey, they took the favourite Wind,
And left this ſtragling Vermine here behind:
Too well he lik'd our fruitful *Egypt*'s Plain,
To trot to hungry *Weſtminſter* again.

Say, *Blind* Hibernia, *for what Charms unknown*
T' adopt a Man, whom you ſhould bluſh to own:

Beg-

Beggar'd and ſpoil'd of all your Wealthy Store,
Yet hug the Viper, *whom ye curſt before.*
Is this the pious Champion of your Cauſe,
Who robs your Off-ſpring, to protect your Laws;
Slily diſtills his Venom to the Root,
And blaſts the Tree from whence he plucks the Fruit;
Who ſees your Ruin, which he ſmiles to ſee,
Whoſe Gain's his Heaven, and whoſe God's a Fee.

In the firſt Rank fam'd *Sooterkin* is ſeen,
Of happy Viſage, and enchanting Mein,
A lazy modiſh Son of melancholy Spleen:
Whoſe ev'ry Feature flouriſhes in Print,
And early Pride firſt taught the Youth to Squint.
What niggard Father wou'd begrudg his Braſs,
When travel'd Son does homebred Boy ſurpaſs?
Went out a Fopling, and return'd an Aſs.
Of Thought ſo dark, that no erroneous Hit
E'er ſhow'd the lucid Beautys of his Wit.
When ſcanty Fee expects a healing Pill,
With careleſs Yawn he nods upon the Bill,
Secure to hit;----who never fails to kill.
When Coſtive Punk in Penitential Caſe,
Sits ſqueezing out her Soul in vile Grimace,
To eaſe his Patient, he preſcribes—his Face.
Well may the Wretch a Providence diſown,
Who thinks no Wiſdom brighter than his own;
Long ſince he left Religion in the lurch,
Who yet wou'd raiſe the Glorys of the Church,
And ſtickles for its Rites, who ne'er comes near the Porch.

Immor-

Immortal *Crab* ſtands firmly to the Truth,
And with ſage Nod commands the liſt'ning Youth;
In whom rank Spleen has all its Vigor ſhewn,
And blended all its Curſes into one;
O'er-flowing Gall has chang'd the Crimſon Flood,
And turn'd to Vinegar the Wretches Blood.
Nightly on bended Knees, the muſty Put
Still ſaints the Spigot, and adores the Butt;
With fervent Zeal the flowing Liquor plys,
But damns the moderate Bottle for its Size.
His liquid Vows cut ſwiftly thro the Air,
When glorious Red has whetted him to Prayer;
Thrifty of Time, and frugal of his Ways,
Tipling he rails, and as he rails he prays.

In the Sage Liſt, *Great Moon-Calf* is enroll'd,
Fam'd as the *Delphick* Oracle of old.
Propitious Dulneſs, and a ſenſleſs Joy,
Shone at his Birth, and bleſt the hopeful Boy;
Who utters Wonders without Senſe of Pain,
And ſcorns the crabbed Labour of his Brain.
Fleeting as Air, his Words out-ſtrip the Wind,
Whilſt the ſage tardy Meaning lags behind.
No ſaucy Foreſight dares his Will controul,
Or ſtop th' impetuous Motion of his Soul;
His Soul, which ſtruggles in her dark Abode,
Cruſh'd, and o'erlay'd with the unweildy Load.
Prevailing Dulneſs did his Senſe betray,
And crampt his Reaſon, to extend his Clay;

His Wit contracted to a narrow Span,
A Yard of *Ideot* to an Inch of *Man*;
Hail, mighty *Dunce*, thou largeſt of thy Kind,
How well thy Mein is ſuted to thy Mind!
What if the Lords and Commons can't agree,
Thou dear, dull, happy Thing, what is't to thee?
Sit down contented with thy preſent Store,
Heav'n ne'er deſign'd thee to be Wiſe and Poor;
Truſt to thy Fate, whatever Partys join,
Thy want of Wit obſtructs thy want of Coin.
As when Imperial *Rome* beheld her State
Grown faint, and ſtrugling with impending Fate;
When barbarous Nations on her Ruins trod,
And no kind *Jove* appear'd her Guardian God;
A ſacred Gooſe could all her Fears diſperſe,
And ſave the Miſtreſs of the Univerſe:
Of equal Fame the Great Example be,
Our Churches Safety we expect from Thee;
In Thee, Great Man, the ſaving Brood remains,
Of equal Piety, and equal Brains;
In this we differ but in point of Name,
Unlike the *Romans* We, but Thou, our Gooſe, the ſame.

And now with ſolemn Grace the Council ſat,
And the third Flaſque had rais'd a warm Debate;
When *Faction* entring, walk'd the *Giddy-Maze*,
Sworn Foe, and *noted Enemy to Peace*;
And taking *Grimbeard*'s Shape, ſhe Silence broke,
And in ſhrill Voice the eager Fury ſpoke.

" Be

" Be witneſs Heaven, how much I am pleas'd to find
" Such Gallant Friends, and of ſo Brave a Mind;
" Souls fit to rule the World, and proudly ſit
" The nobleſt *Sons* of Piety and Wit.
" Uncommon Vigour in your Looks I ſpy,
" Reſolv'd the utmoſt of your Force to try;
" Bravely to ſtickle for your Churches Laws,
" And ſhed a gen'rous Influence on her Cauſe.
" See how with Grief ſhe hangs her penſive Head,
" Whilſt trickling Tears upon her Garments ſhed,
" Mourn all her Luſtre, and her Beauty fled.
" In Hair diſ-ſhevel'd, and with Boſom bare,
" With melancholy Sounds ſhe fills the Air.
" Wou'd Ye, my Friends, the weighty Buſineſs know,
" And learn the cruel Reaſon of her Woe?
" The Cauſe ſhe has to grieve, the World believes,
" Is this---*Hem*---*Hem*---Why, 'tis enough, ſhe Grieves;
" What Sons from Tears their flinty Souls can keep,
" And with dry Eyes behold their Mother weep?
" Ah! ſtop the Deluge of her wat'ry Store,
" And let her taſt thoſe Joys ſhe felt before.

" When *William* (*Curſe upon that hated Name!*
" For ever blotted and unknown to Fame)
" When *William* in Imperial Glory ſhone,
" And to our Grief poſſeſt *Britannia*'s Throne:
" Mark with what Malice he our Church debas'd,
" Her Sons neglected, and her Rites defac'd:
" To canting Zeal deſign'd her Form a Slave,
" And meant to ruin what he came to ſave.

" What tho the World be fill'd with his Alarms,
" And fainting *Gallia* trembled at his Arms;
" Yet ſtill the Doughty Hero did no more
" Than *Julius* once, and *Ammon* did before.
" Is this the Idol of the Peoples Love,
" The poor Mock-Puppet of a Ruling *Jove?*
" *Sorrel*, we owe his haſty Fate to Thee,
" Thou lucky Horſe; Oh! may thy Memory be
" Fragrant to All, as it is Sweet to Me.
" Too far, I fear, the vile Infection's ſpread,
" Since *ANNA* courts the Party which he led,
" And treads the hated Footſteps of the Dead.
" If ſo, What now can we expect to hear,
" But black Effects of thoſe damn'd Ills we fear?
" Your fat Endowments ſhall be torn away,
" And to *Geneva* Zeal become an eaſy Prey;
" Cold Element ſhall give your Guts the Gripes,
" And, ah! no more you ſhall indulge in Tripes.
" No Sunday-Pudding ſhall adorn the Board,
" Or burn the Chops of its too eager Lord:
" No gentle *Abigail* ſhall Caudles make,
" Nor cook the Jellys for the Chaplain's Back;
" Long-winded *Schiſmaticks* ſhall rule the Roaſt,
" And Father *Chriſtmas* mourn his Revels loſt.
" Rouze then, my Friends, and all your Forces join,
" And act with Vigour in our great Deſign;
" What tho our Danger is not really great,
" 'Tis brave t'oppoſe a Government we hate:
" Poiſon the Nation with your jealous Fears,
" And ſet the Fools together by the Ears:

Whilſt

" Whilſt with malicious Joy we calmly ſit,
" And ſmile to ſee the Triumphs of our Wit:
" Sound well the *College*, and with niceſt Skill
" Inflame the beardleſs Boys, and bend them to your Will.
" What tho unmov'd her learned Sons have ſtood,
" Nor ſacrific'd to Spleen their Country's Good:
" Yet ſearch the Tree, and ſure there may be found
" Some Branches tainted, tho the Trunk is ſound:
" Shew them the Lure, which never fails to hit;
" Approve their Briskneſs, and admire their Wit.
" Youth againſt Flattery has no Defence,
" Fools ſtill are cheated with the Bait of Senſe;
" Glean e'en the Schools from Letchery and Birch,
" And teach the Youngſters to defend the Church.
" 'Tis Fools we want, and of the largeſt Size,
" 'Twou'd ſpoil our Cauſe to practiſe on the Wiſe:
" The Wiſe are Eagles of the ſharpeſt Ken,
" And calmly weigh the Merits and the Men;
" Pierce thro the Cobweb Veil of erring Senſe,
" And know the Truth of Zeal, from the Pretence:
" Whilſt Fools, like Game-cocks, are the Slaves of Show,
" And never ask a Cauſe, but fly upon the Foe.
" Chance only guides them wand'ring in the Night,
" When in an Age they ſtumble on the Right:
" God never gave a Fool the Gift of Sight.

He ſaid,—With Joy the pleas'd Aſſembly roſe;
Well mov'd, they cry'd, and murmur'd their Applauſe;
When, lo, before the Board, conſeſt in Sight,
Stept forth a Heavenly Gueſt ſerenely bright;

No mortal Beauty could with Hers compare,
Or Poets Fancy form a Maid so fair;
Around her Head Immortal Glorys shine,
And her mild Air confest the Nymph Divine;
Whilst thus She spake——

" Ask not, my frighted Sons, from whence I came,
" But mark me well, *RELIGION* is my Name;
" An Angel once, but now a Fury grown,
" Too often talk'd of, but too little known:
" Is it for me, my Sons, that ye engage,
" And spend the Fury of your idle Rage?
" 'Tis false, unmanly Spleen your Bosoms warms,
" And a *pretended Zeal* your Fancy charms.
" Where have I taught you in the Sacred Page,
" To construe *Moderation* into Rage;
" T' affront the Pow'r from whence your Safety springs,
" And poorly blast the Memory of Kings?
" Branded with Infamy ye shun the Light,
" But court, like Birds obscene, the Covert of the Night.
" Is then Unlawful Riot fit to be
" The great Supporter of my Church and Me?
" Think ye, weak Men, she's of her Foes afraid,
" Or wants th' Assistance of your feeble Aid?
" When round her Throne Seraphick Warriors stand,
" And form upon her Side a Heav'nly Band:
" When fixt as Fate, her deep Foundation lies,
" And spreads where e'er my *ANNA*'s Glory flies;
" Think on th' intended Ruins of the Day,
" When to proud *Rome* ye were design'd a Prey.

" With

" With wonder read those Fatal Times again,
" And call to mind the Melancholy Scene;
" When down its rapid Stream the Torrent bore
" Your Country's Laws, and Safety was no more;
" Torn from your Altars, ye were forc'd to roam
" In needy Exile from your Native Home.
" 'Twas then, my Sons, your Mighty *William* rose,
" And bravely fell like Lightning on your Foes;
" With Royal Pity he deplor'd your Fate,
" And stood the *Atlas* of your sinking State.
" When Sacrifice on Idol-Altars slain,
" Polluted all the Isle, and dy'd the Plain;
" *Rome*'s Mob of Saints did all your Temples fill,
" And Consecrated Groves crown'd ev'ry Hill:
" 'Twas then, *Josiah* like, that he defac'd
" Their Pagan Rites, and laid their Altars waft;
" Drove out their Idols from their lov'd Abodes,
" And pounded into Dust their Molten Gods.
" *Israel*'s True Lord was to his Rule restor'd,
" Again his Name was heard, and was again ador'd.

" Wondring, ye saw your *Great Deliv'rer* come,
" But while he war'd Abroad, ye rail'd at Home;
" Dreadfully gay in Arms, but scorn'd in Peace,
" The useless Buckler of inglorious Ease.
" Oh poor and short-liv'd Glory and Renown!
" Oh false unenvy'd Pleasures of a Crown!
" So soon are all thy shining Honours fled,
" Traduc'd while Living, and defam'd when Dead.

" Strange

" Strange Fate of Heroes, who like Comets blaze,
" And with a ſudden Light the World amaze!
" But when with fading Beams they quit the Skies,
" No more to ſhine the Wonder of our Eyes;
" Their Glories ſpent, and all their fiery Store,
" We ſcorn the *Omens* which we fear'd before.

" My Royal *ANNE*, whom e'ry Virtue crowns,
" Feels your ill govern'd Rage, nor ſcapes your Frowns;
" Your want of Duty ye ſupply with Spight,
" Traduce her *Councils*, and her *Heroes* ſlight;
" Lampoon the Mildneſs of her Eaſy Sway,
" And ſicken at the Light of her Superior Day;
" Poiſon her Sweets of Life with groundleſs Fears,
" And fill her Royal Breaſt with anxious Cares.
" What! ſuch a Queen, where Art and Nature join
" To hit the Copy of a Form Divine;
" Unerring Wiſdom purg'd the Droſs away,
" And form'd your *ANNA* of a nobler Clay:
" Breathing a Soul, in which in Glory ſhone
" Goodneſs innate, and Virtue like its own;
" She knows how far engaging Sweetneſs charms,
" And conquers more by Mildneſs than by Arms;
" Like *Sampſon*'s Riddle in the Sacred Song,
" A ſpringing *Sweet* ſtill flowing from the *Strong*;
" Like haſty Sparks her ſlow Reſentment dies,
" Her Rigour lagging, but her Mercy flys.
" Hail, Pious Princeſs! Mightieſt of thy Name,
" Tho laſt begotten, yet the firſt in Fame;
" Thoſe Glorious *Heroins* we in Story ſee,
" Were but the fainter Types of Greater Thee;

" Let

" Let others take a Luſtre from the Throne,
" You ſhine with brighter Glories of your own,
" Add Worth to Worth, and dignify a Crown.
" Oft have I mark'd with what a ſtudious care,
" My Words you ponder, and my Laws revere;
" To thee, *Great Queen*, what Elogies are due,
" Who both protect the * *Flock*, and feed the *Shepherds* too.
" For which I ſtill preſide o'er thy Alarms,
" And add a ſhining Luſtre to thy Arms;
" I form'd the Battel, and I gave the Word,
" And rid with Conqueſt on thy *Ormond*'s Sword,
" When *Anjou*'s Fleet yielded its *Indian* Store,
" And at thy *Sacred Feet* depos'd the *Silver Oar*.
" I ſent the *Goddeſs* when *Victoria* came,
" And rais'd thy CHURCHILL to Immortal Fame.
" And *Hochſtet*'s bloody Field advanc'd the *Hero*'s Name.
" Nor ſhall thy Glories or thy Triumphs ceaſe,
" But thy rough Wars ſhall ſoften into Peace.
" *Charles* ſhall from Thee his Diadem receive,
" And ſhining Pomp which you alone can give;
" The *Gallick Lion* liſt'ning at his Shore,
" Shall fear to tempt the *Britiſh* Dangers more,
" But ſculk in Deſarts where he us'd to roar:
" Admiring Worlds before thy Throne ſhall ſtand,
" And willing Nations bend to thy Command.

" For you, y' inveterate Enemies to Peace,
" Whom Kings can ne'er oblige, nor Heav'n can pleaſe;

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* *Grants to the Clergy.*

" Who

" Who blindly Zealous into Faction run,
" And make those Dangers you'd be thought to shun;
" *For shame the Transports of your Rage give o'er,*
" *And let your Civil Feuds be heard no more;*
" To the wise Conduct of my *ANNA* trust,
" Know your own Good, and to your selves be just.
" And when with Grief you see your Brother stray,
" Or in a Night of Error lose his way,
" Direct his Wandring, and Restore the Day.
" To guide his Steps afford your kindest Aid,
" And gently pity whom ye can't persuade;
" Leave to avenging Heav'n his stubborn Will,
" For, O, remember he's your Brother still:
" Let healing Mercy thro' your Actions shine,
" And let your Lives confess your Cause Divine.

Frowning, the Goddess spoke, and strait withdrew,
Scatt'ring *Ambrosial* Odours as she flew;
Her trembling Sons immoderately scar'd,
Fled from th' uneasy Truths which suddenly they heard.

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